

## THE LITTLE

### AND PRAYER.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"There's not any use of fretting,  
And I told Obadiah so,  
For if we could not hold on to things  
We'd just let them go.  
There were lots of folks that'd suffer  
Along with the rest of us,  
And it didn't seem to be worth our while  
To make such a little fuss."

To be sure, the barn was most empty,  
And I told Obadiah so,  
For if we could not hold on to things  
We'd just let them go.  
There were lots of folks that'd suffer  
Along with the rest of us,  
And it didn't seem to be worth our while  
To make such a little fuss."

But, laws, if you'd only heard him  
At any hour of the night,  
A grapple out in that closet there,  
I would have set you crazy quine,  
I pitched the keys of those drawers  
With that that was my way, then,  
And he seemed as if he were worn out  
As fast as I set him in."

To me he said that night,  
Of the things we were told,  
But at least a dozen times a day  
He talked it over with me high,  
Down on his knees in that closet,  
The most of his time was passed;  
For Obadiah knew how to pray,  
Much better than how to fast."

But I am that way contrary,  
That if things don't go just right,  
I feel like nothing's done up high,  
An' gettin' ready to fight.  
An' the giants I saw that winter  
I don't go to 'em now to pray,  
An' I didn't even complain to God,  
Though I think he found out."

With the point of a cambric needle  
I drew the wolf from the door,  
For I knew that we needn't starve to death,  
Or be lazy because we were poor.  
An' Obadiah, he wouldn't let his knees  
An' kept me patching his shoes,  
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,  
An' strange we didn't freeze."

But I said to myself in whispers,  
"I'd know where to get my gift decreed;  
An' 'tisn't always that faith gets down  
As far as the finger ends."  
An' I would not let a word be reckoned  
My Obadiah a snail,  
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,  
An' others the gift to work."

## TWO UNION SPIES.

While acting as a spy for the Union army of the Cumberland, whose headquarters were then at Nashville, Tennessee, was supposed by the confederates to be a very bold and daring smuggler, whom it was their interest and duty to encourage, because I brought many articles within their lines of which they stood greatly in need, especially quinine, which I secured in Nashville through the connivance of the army police, as it was called, and which I subsequently disposed of at a profit of several hundred percent, thus having the double satisfaction of serving my country and reaping a large pecuniary reward.

My route was generally from Nashville to Chattanooga, taking in the smaller towns and villages within a radius of fifty miles.

I had been some months thus employed, going back and forth, and had not as yet met with any serious adventure, when, one day, as I was quietly riding along a country road, a small squad of cavalry, from a cross-road, dashed out directly in front of me.

On seeing me the party at once pulled up across the road, and the leader called out gruffly:

"Halt! Who are you?"

"A good confederate," I answered, in a cheerful way, riding up to the group with a smiling air of confidence.

As I did so, my eye fell upon a young man whom I had more than once met, and whom I had good reason to believe was a Union spy as well as myself.

There was just the slightest possible glancing of recognition on either side; but, slight as it was, the leader perceived it, and quickly demanded:

"Do you know him? Have you ever met before?"

"Know whom, sir?" I queried in turn, with an innocent stare.

"Know your brother traitor, fool!" he harshly rejoined.

"No, sir," I replied, looking from one to another; "because, if there is a traitor among you, he is no brother of mine."

In this second glance around I noticed that the young man was very pale, and though evidently riding his own horse, and apparently as free as any of the others, I believed him to be a prisoner; and if he was a prisoner, doubtless I should be one also, which was not pleasant to contemplate.

"James Hackett," said the leader, turning abruptly to him, "do you know this fellow?"

"I do not, sir," was the quiet firm reply.

"I don't believe it!" was the gruff rejoinder. "I believe you're both infernal liars and traitors, and deserve hanging, which you'll both get before long."

Having thus delivered himself, in a tone of savage bitterness, he again turned to me.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A loyal southerner," was my answer, believing my life depended upon convincing the leader that this assertion was true.

"Umph!" he sneered; "a pretty loyal southerner you are, riding around the country like a lazy drone, while your fellow-citizens are in the army fighting for your rights. Where do you belong?"

"In Chattanooga,"

"Where were you born?"

"In Chattanooga."

"What is your name?"

"Alfred Harmer."

"Have you a pass?"

"I have, sir," I answered, triumphantly.

"Quick, then—let me see you have been fool enough to give you permission to rove about the country in citizens' dress."

I took out my pocket-book and opened it, expecting to find there the pass which I had previously received from General Bragg, and which so far I had never had occasion to use but once.

To my dismay, and even horror, it was not there. I had either lost or mislaid it.

you take the responsibility," replied one of the men.

"And it will be fearful responsibility," said I, "for I really have a pass from General Bragg, which will be found among my effects at home."

"We only have your word for that," returned the lieutenant, "and it's not our business to accompany people home to see what they've got laid away there."

"And is it your business to hang every southerner you see abroad in citizen's dress?" I boldly and rather sharply demanded.

"Well, every able-bodied man that doesn't join the army ought to be hung," he replied, "and Morgan has told us not to waste time bringing in prisoners."

"And for what would you hang me?" I demanded.

"For being a spy."

"Don't you think General Bragg needs spies to tell him what the Yankee generals are doing?"

"But you are one of the traitors that takes the information the other way."

"I deny it, and you must prove it before you hang me."

"No, you fool, I'll hang you first. Out with the rope there, Blodgett, and let us put an end to this talk."

"Men," said I, firmly, and with an external appearance of calmness, for I felt my life depended upon carrying out this blood-thirsty leader from carrying out his wicked design, "if you obey this mad order, you will be guilty of murdering a man as loyal as yourselves, and who has been risking his life beyond your lines to bring General Bragg intelligence of the number and movements of his foes. I demand to be taken to his headquarters, and let him decide whether I am a friend or foe!"

These remarks seemed to produce some effect upon the men, and, through them upon the leader.

They consulted together, beyond hearing of myself; and at the close I heard one of them say, in a positive tone:

"It would be risking too much without a proper court martial first, and I'll have nothing to do with it."

"I wish my hands off it," said another.

"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" responded several others.

"Well, then, forward, and we'll do it according to law," coincided the lieutenant.

The squad then rode forward to the next village, taking myself and the other man along as prisoners.

As it had now begun to grow dark, my captors quartered themselves on a farmer who lived on the outskirts of the village; and along with the other prisoner, I was confined in a sort of corral, with a couple of men set to guard us, they being stationed outside of the building.

Hearing music shortly after, I called to the guard to know if there was any other military force in the village.

"A detachment of Colonel Forrest's command," was the answer.

"Oh, then, pray get one of your comrades to inform the officer in command that Alfred Harmer, General Bragg's confidential spy, is here in durance, with his life threatened!" said I.

"All right!" was the answer.

"And you will get your liberty, and I shall be hung like a dog!" said my companion, in a low, desponding tone.

"If I get my liberty I may be able to save you," I replied.

"Oh, heaven grant that you can!"

"First tell me the truth, and fear not that I will betray you," I whispered.

"Are you really in danger?"

"I believe I am."

"Is there no one about to vouch for your loyalty to the south?"

"I fear not."

"Are you loyal to the south?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I do."

"You think I am a Union spy?"

"What do you say yourself? Come now—the solemn truth?"

"If I should say yes, what effect would it have upon you?"

"I should feel that your life is really in danger."

"And you would abandon me to my fate?"

"I fear I should be compelled to work the harder to save you."

"And you would try to save me?"

"I would not like to see any fellow-being suffer."

"Well, you seem to have a good heart, and I will put my life in your power. I am a Union spy."

I grasped his hand, and told him to keep up his courage, and make no such confession to any one else.

In a few minutes the door opened, and an officer, whom I knew, entered, with a light.

"Ah, Captain Benton," I exclaimed, "I was never more rejoiced to see you in my life."

"Why, it is you, Harmer!" he returned, quite cordially. "What are you doing cooped up here?"

I saw them steal it away, and each took a long, hearty pull at it.

This was all I wanted, for I had dragged the liquor with enough opium to make a girl give a sound sleep.

In due time I saw my men nodding and rubbing their eyes, and then they too lay down.

Then I arose, got their key, and unlocked the door, and found the prisoner walking to and fro, and laboring under a good deal of excitement.

"Heaven bless you, my friend!" he said, in a whisper, grasping my hand. "I heard you, but was afraid your plan would not succeed. May I go now?"

"Yes, if you know where to go."

"I shall leave my horse, and escape on foot," he returned.

"If you know your route, make no delay," I said. "Get back to Nashville as quick as possible; for, if I am not mistaken, you have important news for General Rosecrans."

"You are right, my friend; I have."

"Go at once then."

"And you?"

"I will remain to cover your retreat. If you see a fire about here, remember you are burning up in this prison."

"I understand," he said, as he wrung my hand at parting. "But be careful of your own precious self, my friend."

"Good-by, and have no fear for me."

In one corner of this outbuilding there was a pile of hay and straw.

I opened these combustibles, poured my bottle of whisky into the center of them, struck a match and threw it in, covered over the door, locked it, and the door, put the key in the pocket of one of the drugged soldiers, and got as far as my best exertions could take me before the flames made their appearance.

Then I started on my return, shouting, "Fire! fire!" at the top of my lungs.

I took care not to reach the building, though, till quite a crowd had collected around it.

"The poor fellow inside is lost!" I heard one man remark.

"Which will save me from hanging him!" responded Lieutenant Ruggles.

The corn barn burned down; and it was supposed that, either by accident or design, the prisoner had set it on fire and perished in the flames.

I knew better, and General Rosecrans subsequently found him worth a host of dead men.

My part in the affair was not suspected, the drugged guards kept their own secret, and I was congratulated on my narrow escapes from hanging and burning.

Reserving Seats in the Commons.

Boston Herald.

The member, to be certain of success, must deposit his hat as early as two o'clock or half past one p. m.—and occasionally at an earlier hour—on the seat he intends to occupy for the evening and night, with a card containing his name.

He must, moreover, be in that particular seat at prayers, after which, if he puts the card across into the slide at the back, he may go where he likes, taking his hat with him, and return when he pleases with a right to sit in his appointed place, no matter whether it be occupied at the time by anybody else or not. It is necessary, however, that, if a member leaves his hat on his intended seat in the legislative chamber, he must go without it in the event of his venturing outside that apartment before prayers, which are said at four o'clock; and it follows also that he cannot go outside the precincts of the house at all. What is he to do, then, till four o'clock has arrived? Fortunately—or unfortunately—he has plenty to do, if he likes to do it. In the first place he has his correspondence to attend to; and this is quite a serious piece of work in the case of the better known and more popular members. Also, he may have to read up for a debate in the evening. For both of these purposes the house of commons furnishes admirable conveniences.

Besides the reading room there is a splendid library, supplied, not only with books, periodicals and newspapers, but with writing material in absolute profusion, while you need not go beyond the central lobby for a postoffice.

A Boy Growing Bald With Careless.

Washington Dispatch to Indianapolis Journal.

There is a sunny-haired little page in the house of representatives who has become quite a pet among the members. He is a little tot of fellow, with a bright, open face, large blue eyes, and sunny blonde head of hair. He wears little knee breeches and is as lively as a cricket at all times. When the members want an errand done fast and well they always try to get this little fellow to do it. His very politeness and good manners have brought many little tramps to his feet, because the members all want him. But he does not mind an extra run, and goes as chirpy and as happily on a new errand as possible. He never seems to grow weary, and always is polite. But this is not the worst part of his troubles. His very appearance is pleasing, and every time anyone secures him, they tap him on the head or run their hand over his hair. Now for three or four people to do this would not amount to much. But to have 325 members and as many more strangers to rub his head only once a day, is not only tiresome but is having a serious effect. When the little boy comes here his hair was long and thick, but this continual patting and rubbing is wearing his hair off. He begins to fear that before the session ends, if this thing keeps up, he will be bald.

PENSION MATTERS.

Every Soldier on the List.

The machinery of the pension law has become so cumbrous, and the pension office is so hedged around with formidable bolts of red tape, that many soldiers and soldiers' relatives are debarred from the enjoyment of that pecuniary aid and support which a grateful nation thought it had provided. Many comrades, wearied with their futile efforts, have abandoned their claims for pensions simply on account of their inability to furnish every link in the chain of evidence demanded by the many bureaus in the pension department. The magnitude of this evil has become so manifest that various bills have been presented to Congress for the relief of soldiers who should have pensions granted them. So much delay has attended these measures that finally a member of Congress from Indiana proposed to sever the Gordian knot at one fell blow, and at the same time to render useless the further continuance of the pension department with its bureaus and clerks.

After a fourteen years' struggle the Methodist society at Kinsley has paid off the debt on its church and the edifice put it one side, and seemed to slumber.

## THE COWBOY PIANIST.

The Barbicore Wonder Who is Astonishing New Yorkers.

Nym Crinkle in New York World.

The reflex wave of barbarism never thrup upon our city anything more astonishing than our "Cowboy Pianist."

I saw him on Union Square the other morning, accompanied by his agent. He had on the regulation hat, all brim; his shirt was open at the throat. He was of a tint between mahogany and boarding-house coffee. He had come to New York to show us how to play the pianer, of which instrument, his agent said he was an "exceptioner."

Now, if I had not seen this order of phenomenon before, I should not have taken any stock in his strange story. He was not the order of man to excite interest. I should as soon have looked for frankincense in Greenpoint as for art in that brawny, stolid face. His agent Mr. Pike, said they hadn't found any pianer players here yet, and they'd been a-looking for 'em. He'd heard there'd been a feller by the name of Rubenstein here who could play, and they were sorry they hadn't met him.

This innocent confidence amused me. I looked the champion over. His legs had the bow that legs will get that have been hugging a pony for years. His eyes had a subtle reach as eyes will have that look upon the sun. He wasn't refined. He wasn't diplomatic. He wasn't even communicative. But he was willing to try the issues with any of our pianists. I don't think any of them cared to measure fingers with him.

We tried to find Mills. We went up to Paterson. They seemed to be hiding away. There was a little group of us. Spectacular, just a trifle cynical, don't you know, on the other edge of safety where the cowboy could not exactly see it. We wanted to see him stamped the masters, round up the virtuosi and scalp Beethoven. To ride a concert grand with spurs would be a good look. We were so tired of seeing the instrument treated like Mary's lamb.

Well we got him an instrument. We formed a ring. There was Darling, Tom McDonough, Caxauran, Pike, Wolverton, who knows the nocturnes backward, and—well, never mind the other, he was inco; but he's the best bravura player that you can pick up on Fourteenth street.

The cowboy sat down at the instrument and put his hands on it. He ran his fingers over the keys. The expert cocked his ears. He was feeling of them preliminarily with a soft, rapid touch in a long, rapid, clean run. Then he struck the piano and dashed off into a wild romanza. Nobody laughed. Wolverton's eyes stuck out. Caxauran remarked, "Cowboy be blowed! That's no cowboy!"

For force and rapidity of stroke I hadn't heard anything exactly like it. Even that phenomenal Harry Sanderson could not have pounded octaves with greater wrist celerity than this. His right hand was a marvel. He wrote romanza, ballad, polka, waltz, and nocturne into one brilliant pravra. The upper notes screamed. Shade of Gottschalk and memory of Thalberg! Where did this heathen come from?

I'll tell you presently. First, let me say that we put a thin cloth over the keyboard and he played through it. I took his hand and placed the fingers on another key, transposing the melody he was playing, and he went on in the new key; and he does not know a note; never heard a composition of Chopin's; plays by ear; never had a lesson in his life; hasn't been out of the saddle a twelvemonth.

Is he an artist? No, far from it. Some one had played him a sonata of Beethoven's. He tried to repeat it, and turned it into a romanza. He couldn't resolve it. Beethoven never made those harmonies. But he caught the melody and the wild transcript was executed with a brilliancy of his own that was marvelous.

I tried to talk music to him and found he was incapable of either understanding me or replying to me. He knew nothing at all about the art.

But he could play, all the same. Here is his story, strange enough, and naïvely told, with no apparent effort to deceive: "I was brought up on a ranch."

"I was brought up on the edge of the Indian territory. My mother was a Castilian and my father a German. They knew nothing whatever of music. But when I was about eighteen years old, the old man bought an old Chickering piano of a party of emigrants. He gave twelve bushels of corn for it, because, he said, it would make a good iron table for the old woman. It was put in a corner of the one room, and she used it to cut our clothes on. When it was not used it was generally covered with harness and potatoes. I never saw it opened. One day, when I was about twenty-one, I started down with a lot of the boys to go on a roundup. We had to ride sixty miles, and we stopped at an old man's about half way and all got full. You know what the boys are out there. About three in the morning I started with my pard, to go on, but I was so full that my pard threw me. I got his foot in a copher hole. I fell off and broke my arm in two places. They had to take me back and then go up to Fort Sill, sixty miles for a surgeon to set my arm. I was laid up for six months. One day I had a shock. I didn't know what it was then. But I know now, for I had hold of them electric notes in Philadelphia, and that's what it was. Then I got a crazy notion that I wanted to play that pianer. I could not help it no more than I could help breathing. Oh, I don't know anything about what it was. I just took the stuff off that pianer and got it round, and pried it open. The keys were green. I put my hands on it, and a kind of happiness went through me that made me holler. I began to play. I looked at my hands and they were going it. I couldn't stop 'em. The old woman came in and she let out a scream. She thought I was mad. They couldn't get me away from the pianer. I kept it at night and day. The old man said I had the tremens. Well I must have acted so, when I think of it. Now that's all there is to it. If ever I took a lesson I hope I may drop dead here. Folks said it was spiritualism, but that's too thin. I'm no demented spiritualist, and don't you forget it."

I haven't the slightest doubt that this story is substantially true, because I have seen similar phenomena, and nowhere so often as in music.

I suppose that some German ancestor organized this talent and it has been transmitted from father to son, to lie there abeyant in the bones, only to break out in full force when the conditions were ripe.

This mild cowboy's name is Babel (fancy it). He has taken the rooms in Thirteenth street formerly occupied by Mrs. Langtry, and there he is holding a curious levee every day in which musicians, spiritualists, managers and curious females admirers are all mixed up.

James H. of England.

James H. of England was the second son of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. He was created Duke of York in infancy. He accompanied his father during the civil war, and was taken prisoner, but escaped, disguised as a girl, in April, 1648, and went over to Holland. He served with distinction in both the French and Spanish armies, and after the restoration returned to England and was made Lord High Admiral of the English navy. In the ensuing war with the Dutch he commanded the English fleet ably. In 1660 the duke had married Anne, daughter of Edward Hyde, the Earl of Clarendon. In 1671 this lady died, leaving two daughters, both of whom subsequently sat upon the throne of England. Before her death she disavowed Protestantism, through the influence of her husband, who several years before had become a Catholic. In 1673, the duke was compelled by the conditions of the "test act" to resign the office of admiral. This same year he married Mary of Modena, a Catholic princess. So strong was the feeling in parliament and through the kingdom against him for his change of religion, that he was obliged to go to the continent to reside for a time, and a bill excluding him from succession to the English crown passed the house of commons, but failed to pass the House of Lords. He returned while this bill was pending and was made Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, but was so unpopular there that he did not remain long. However, in 1685, after his brother's death, he succeeded to the throne without opposition. His reign was brief, however, being filled with contentions with parliament and the established church. He seemed utterly wanting in the tact of his brother; but, like his unfortunate father, really contended for the right of personal government which he believed the "divine right" of a king. In the first year of his reign occurred Mommouth's rebellion. This was not generally upheld by the people, and was soon overthrown, all those implicated in it being punished with great severity. The subsequent acts of the King, his claim to the power of dispensing with laws at his will, and dismissing the Parliament whenever it would not carry out his wishes, convinced the people that his permanent rule could not be tolerated, and in 1688 William of Orange, James' son-in-law, was called over to protect the liberties and religion of the English people. William came, and James was forced to abdicate the throne. A fully detailed account of the "revolution of 1688" will be found in Our Curiosity Shop book for 1885. James made an effort to regain his crown by undertaking an expedition to Ireland in 1689. The troops and money for this expedition were furnished by King Louis XIV. of France. The ex-king was received kindly in Ireland, but at the battle of the Boyne his army was totally routed. The remaining eleven years of his life were spent at St. Germain, in France, in vain intrigues for recovering possession of his lost kingdom.

NOTES ABOUT WOMEN.

A woman made the first orange box in California, and has built up an industry in boxing that amounts to 50,000 boxes a year.

Lady Randolph Churchill has been invested by the queen with the insignia of the imperial order of the Crown of India.

Maharajah Sumnorymoe, a generous Hindu lady in Calcutta, has given \$75,000 to found a hall of residence for native women students of medicine. The government has contributed ground for the building.

A Kansas nun "points with pride" to the fact that his wife has worn one bonnet for twenty-five years. The feeling with which the wife points to the husband has been described.

Lady Dufferin takes a personal interest in missions. She is now studying Hindustani with Miss Thoburn, an American Methodist missionary, and pays the expenses of several persons in America who are studying for future missionary work in India.

Cornell university asserts of the freshman class just entered ten per cent are women. There are nine scholarships to be competed for by every entering class, and of those who felt themselves competent to compete twenty per cent were women, and they carried off four out of nine scholarships, or forty-four per cent. Professor Jones says: "The average scholarship of the young women was superior to that of the young men, the average attendance better, absence from illness much less among the female than the male students."

First Heat the Water.

The member for West Algonia tells a good story about a species of sturgeon from forty to sixty pounds in weight, which is peculiar to Rainy river and lake. On a visit which he paid to a settlement on the river he had occasion to visit a young bachelor, who, with true backwoods hospitality, insisted that he should stay for dinner. Mr. Commie seated himself and watched the preparations of his entertainer. First, he set down his home made bread on the table, with tin mugs for the tea, and then he put a big pot full of water over the fire. When the water came to the boiling point he infused the tea and set it aside. Then he seized a gaff about six feet long, stepped outside to the river's edge, which was not over ten paces distant, and returned in three minutes with a sturgeon kicking on the end of his gaff, part of which was soon cut off and transferred to the pot of boiling water to be cooked for dinner. This is the usual thing up there. They always have the water boiling before they go to catch the fish, and they use only a common gaff.

NO TEXAS MAN COULD PRONOUNCE IT.

A Houston, Texas, gentleman is too modest to use the word garter. A friend asked him:

"What kind of a present are you going to buy your wife?"

"I think I'll get her a Honi-soit-quim-al-y-pense," was the reply.

## STEAMBOATS IN AFRICA.

Vessels Weighing 50,000 Pounds Carried Overland Hundreds of Miles.

New York Times.

Many times within the last five years large caravans have traveled along the paths that lead into Africa carrying strips of iron or steel, boxes of rivets and bolts, and sections of boilers, paddle wheels and smokestacks. After many weeks these expeditions have heaped their loads upon the shore of some great lake or mighty river, where white men and their native assistants have welded the hundreds of pieces together and finally launched complete and perfect steamboats upon the waters of inner Africa.

Eleven steamboats and one sailing vessel are now plying upon these great lakes and rivers. It is only twenty-eight years since Burton and Speke were the first white men to visit lakes Victoria and Tanganyika. Only within the past ten years have they and the third great lake Nyansa been carefully explored, the upper waters of the Congo visited, and the Alima river traced on the maps. On all these inland waters, and also upon the upper Niger, the whistle of the steamboat is now heard, and many natives have learned to welcome the puffly little craft as offering them a chance to trade.

It was a costly undertaking to transport these vessels hundreds of miles overland, far into the depths of Africa. Small as the steamboats are compared with our river boats, they weigh from 25,000 to 50,000 pounds apiece. From 800 to 1,500 porters were required to transport each boat to its destination. A few of the upper Congo steamers, however, were mounted in sections on steel wagons with broad tires, and Mr. Stanley tells of "the awful toil of dragging these heavy steamers overland before they are set afloat above the cataracts."

These steamers were nearly all built in England, and they puffed up and down English rivers on trial trips before they were taken to pieces and shipped to Africa. Serious delay was caused if a single important piece was lost. After the little French steamer Djue had nearly reached the Alima river last year it was discovered that one of the most necessary pieces was missing, and the boat lay useless on the shore for many months until a duplicate piece could be obtained from Europe.

A missionary steamer launched last summer on lake Nyansa is manned, from engineer to cook, by a crew of native Africans, who were taken to England to learn their duties. By means of this little craft and its predecessor, the Inla, regular communication is maintained among the mission stations along Nyansa's seven hundred miles of coasts. In another steamer named Peace, which eight hundred blacks carried on their heads to Stanley pool two years ago, the missionary Grenfell traveled last year about five thousand miles, making many interesting discoveries in which unknown and densely populated regions abound along the Congo tributaries.